

812
Ow 21at
Cop. 2

Alabama Centennial Commission

At Old Mobile

Second of a Series of Historical Plays
in Commemoration of the close
of a Century of Statehood

By Marie Bankhead Owen

Issued by the Commission

Montgomery, Alabama
The Paragon Press
1919

Alabama Centennial Commission

Created by act of the Legislature, February 17, 1919.

Headquarters: Montgomery

His Excellency, Thomas E. Kilby, Governor,
ex-officio, Chairman

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director, Department of
Archives and History, ex-officio, Secretary
and Historian.

Fitzhugh Lee, State Auditor, ex-officio

Spright Dowell, Superintendent of Education,
ex-officio

Dr. Thomas C. McCorvey, University, Ala.

Dr. George Petrie, Auburn, Ala.

Mrs. Bibb Graves, Montgomery, Ala.

David Holt, Newspaper Publicity Director,
Montgomery, Ala.

The Commission, created by enactment of the Legislature, has for its activities the encouragement of general interest in the history of the State, the general observance of the 100th anniversary of Statehood, the marking of historic spots, and the publication of local and other historical materials. Wide organized publicity has been given its plans. The most general co-operation has been promised. Correspondence invited.

Address Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director of the Centenary,
State Capitol, Montgomery.

812
9w2128
cop. 2

At Old Mobile

2425
The second of five episodes, in drama and masque of the state's history, with intervening periods to be summarized by prologues of Heralds.

Theme. The extension in America of European Empires, showing that in the new world the jealousies of the old were brought forward and fought to conclusions. The play particularly reflects the romance, adventure, intrigue, and the political and religious rivalries that characterized the place and time when Mobile was the capital of half the continent, known as New France, or the Province of Louisiana.

Place. Mobile, Alabama, at that time the capital of the French Province of Louisiana.

Time. 1714-17.

Occasion. Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the admission of Alabama into the Federal Union.

22 Nov. 20. Am. 21.

PERSONS CONCERNED.

Jean Baptiste LeMoyne, Sieur de Bienville, Governor of
the French Province of Louisiana.

(Pronounced by the French, Zhon Bap-teest Le Mwan,
Sir de Byan-vel.

Chateauguay, his brother, an artillery officer.
(Pronounced Sha-to-ga.)

Madam Chateauguay.

St. Helene, his nephew.

(Pronounced Sant A-lenn.)

Boisbriant, an officer. (Bwa-bree-ohn.)

D'Artaguet, an officer. (D'ar-ta-guette.)

Father Davion, a priest. (Da-vee-ohn.)

Captain Marchand, Commandant of Ft. Toulouse.

(Pronounced Mar-shaw.)

Lieutenant Blondel, Commandant of Dauphine Island.

(Pronounced (Blon-del.)

Paillou, Architect of French Forts in Louisiana.

(Pronounced Pi-you.)

Spanish Wine, an Indian Slave.

Twenty-six Cassette girls.

Two Conductresses or Grey Nuns.

Pierre, a Colonist. (Pronounced Pe-ar.)

Jacques, a Renegade. (Pronounced Zhak.)

Julie Beaujeau. (Pronounced Zhu-le Bo-zho.)

Marie Blanche. (Pronounced Ma-re Blansh.)

St. Denis, a Colonist and trader. (Pronounced San-de-
nay.)

Madam St. Denis.

Schey. (Se-hoy.) Daugher of the Wind. (Indian rul-
ing tribe.)

Picard, a Violinist and dancing master. (Pe-kar.)

Indian Chiefs, councilmen and squaws.

Colonists, soldiers, sailors and French children.

Iberville is pronounced E-ber-veel.

These suggestions are made in order that the actors may know the true French pronunciation. Certain of the names, however, may prove difficult to the untrained French student, and the director is warranted in Anglicizing the pronunciation if necessary.

COSTUMES.

Bienville. Brown coat with facings, pockets and cuffs of yellow; gold buttons and epaulets. The knee breeches are yellow. The shoes and hose are black. The hat is black felt, caught up at back and front, and a black plume to the side. The style of the coat is Colonial, with skirts reaching to the knees at the back, and cut away from the front. The collar may be a soft stock, and a lace jabot at the throat.

Chateauguay. Grey coat with red facings, pockets and cuffs, red breeches, black hat with red plume.

Blondel. Dark red coat with black facings, pockets and cuffs, black breeches and hat.

St. Helene. A light blue jacket, white shirt with rolling collar; a dark blue cape lined with red and worn jauntily, hung to the neck by a cord. He wears a black hat, that is caught up in front by a yellow rosette.

Broisbriant. Dark blue coat with light blue trimmings, dark blue breeches and black hat.

D'Artaquette. Black throughout. White stock collar and lace jabot.

Captain Marchant. The same as Broisbriant.

Paillou. Dark tan jacket and breeches. His turban-like cap is of tan.

Pierre and Jacques. Grey jacket and breeches, round fur caps.

St. Denis. Black breeches and jacket,, with a soft red silk girdle and round black cap which he wears smartly on the side of his head. His shirt has ruffles at the wrists and lace at the throat.

Picard. Pearl gray coat with blue cuffs and collar, lace at the throat. A bright blue vest may be worn. The knee breeches are red and his black hat has a red feather.

Father Davion. A long black robe with black hood. The hood is worn off the head, falling back on to the shoulders. A cape falling to the hem may also be worn if desired.

Madam Chateauguay. Her dress is in the height of style of the French court of the early eighteenth century. The bodice is cut with a low round neck, and comes to sharp points front and back, basque fashion. The sleeves are tight to the elbow and have ruffles of lace there as well as at the neck. The skirt is a huge hoopskirt effect trimmed with rows of lace and flowers in garlands. The length touches the floor in the front and sweeps behind. She walks with a tall staff, and in her other hand carries a feather fan. Her hair is waved and dressed in low loops on the neck and the head dress represents a ship, including realistic mast and rigging. The mast head is a small plume above the face.

Madam Denis. The low-necked bodice is tight fitting with puffed sleeves to the elbows, finished there with a frill of black lace. The skirt is full and to the ankles. It may be of a bright color. The hair is dressed with bunches of curls hanging over the ears, and the headdress is a band of ribbon over the crown of the head, a flounce of black lace sewed to the back, and falling over the shoulders. She wears a lace scarf and carries a Spanish, or ordinary open and shut fan with which she coquettes a good deal in Spanish style. Her stockings are red with black slippers. Black velvet bows at elbows and bust.

The Conductresses. Dark grey habits with light blue veils, worn over nun-like bonnets.

The Cassette Girls. Dark brown dresses with white lawn hoods, close-fitting like a baby's cap, and with a frill of narrow lace. There is a black bow on the top of each hood. The waists of the dresses are tight, the skirts full and ankle length. There are white muslin ruffles at the elbows and white berthas or kerchiefs at the neck.

Sehoy. Jacket and skirt of khaki, representing deerskin. It is fringed and beaded. She wears bracelets and beads of all sorts and on her head is a wreath of red berries. Above her moccasins are leggings of deerskin, with a fullness that may be had by sewing them on the stockings.

Indian Chiefs. Fringed jackets and long breeches of khaki,

feathers in their hair. They carry guns and pipes, war clubs and tomahawks. There are long knives in their belts. Their faces are painted in colored stripes.

Other Indians. Somewhat the same as the chiefs. The squaws are dressed in the same mode as Sehoy.

Colonists and children. Garments of any color, only they should conform to the styles of the period as indicated in the clothes of the men and women described above.

THE SCENE.

The action of "*At Old Mobile*" takes place upon the esplanade that runs before the fort, along the river front, called Place Royal. Live oak trees over shade the spot, and it is the common meeting ground of the colonists, savages and such other folk as come there from the larger world for trade, curiosity or society.

To the right is a corner of the fort, from whose bastion hangs the royal flag of France, a white field covered with gold lilies. In a tower at the center is a bell, on top, in the form of a weathervane is a Gallic cock.

In the background is a well, around which is the market place. On poles hang wild game, bear, turkeys, birds and long strings of fish. On rude tiers of shelves are fruit, peaches, oranges, watermelons, figs, grapes. On the ground are piles of green corn in the husk, green peas, beans and squash. Park seats of cane or young trees with the bark still on, in the form of benches or large chairs, are placed around.

The Prologue

(To be spoken before the curtain by one of the characters dressed in the costume of the period, 1711-17.)

Good Friends, our company of actors will now set before you the second of the Centenary plays, "*At Old Mobile*."

Permit me, if you please, to beg you to recall the swift moving pages of history that led to the period and events we venture to portray, the first quarter of the eighteenth century.

It was less than half a hundred years after Columbus had made known the western world to Europe that our wonderful country became the contending battle-ground for either exploitation or colony planting. The far-seeing statesmen, (and there were indeed men of vision in those days), of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Holland, France and England, saw in the discovery of Columbus unlimited chance for both Colonial trade and settlement.

The peoples of the old countries had become congested. The spirit that prompted Columbus to make his untried voyage, prompted men of equal daring to constantly seek new sea-paths and to open up new lands. The story of all these struggles between the contending nations named is the story of the American settlement, North and South.

Both chance and design entered into the selection of the locality of the country as the subject of conquest and settlement. Following the ill-starred expedition of De Soto of which you have heard through our first play, "*The Battle of Maubilla*," one hundred and fifty years of obscurity veiled our fair Gulf Country.

It was not until late in the seventeenth century that daring French adventurers, pushing out from Canada southward, made known to the world the beauties of the Mississippi Valley. By reason of these discoveries the French kings laid claim to the country which was given the name of "*Louisiana*," in honor of the "*Grand Monarch*."

In the meantime adventurers by the sea had explored and in a way charted the Gulf of Mexico, our great inland sea.

The period was now ripe for the planting of the lilies of France upon these newly claimed lands. Orders came from the mother country to the dashing young naval officer and statesman, Iberville of Quebec, to fit out an expedition. Lying in the port of Rochelle, in France, fresh from English victories, purposing under instructions, to settle New France. Iberville and his followers confirmed the discovery of the lower Mississippi waters, established posts at Biloxi and Natchez, then founded in 1702, Ft. Louis de la Mobile, at Twenty-Seven Mile Bluff, on the Alabam river, well above the present city of Mobile.

Owing to the overflows from the river and the unhealthy conditions that prevailed the colony was nine years later, 1711, removed to the permanent site. Mobile from its inception was the capital of the vast colonial province of Louisiana, covering that area east of the Rocky Mountains, south of Canada and west of the Mississippi north of the present state of Texas, to the Gulf.

Through our play "At Old Mobile," we have dared to awaken from their long sleep, those men and women, who two hundred years ago met to talk with or pass each other upon the esplanade, that "*Place Royal*," that stood before the fort of cedar palisades.

Our play, true to events of the first decade of the life of the old town, is meant to reflect the political and religious rivalries, the intrigues, adventures, the romance—loves and hates and all the human emotions that stirred the hearts and gave purpose to the actions of those hardy "*habitants*" of our beloved state during its earlier days. I thank you. (*Bowing. Exit.*)

At Old Mobile

At rise of curtain an Indian boy, lying on his back on the ground, is playing a sad tune upon a flute of reeds.

Enter Lieutenant Blondel.

Lieutenant Blondel. Ah, you are sad, Spanish Wine. What's wrong?

Spanish Wine. (*Jumping to his feet, bowing low.*) I grieve for my master.

Lieutenant. Bienville!

Spanish Wine. And was praying to the sun to be his shield.

Blondel. (*Laughing lightly.*) Ah, you Sun worshiping savages.

Spanish Wine. My master loves the Sun. He has his banner on the wall.

Blondel. (*To himself.*) That's a curious fit of things. 'Tis the Sun that King Louis chooses for his emblem. (*To the boy who has softly begun his sad tune again.*) But why are you troubled about your Master, boy?

Spanish Wine. He has gone to war. He's always gone to war.

Blondel. Cheer up my lad. Governor Bienville will have no harm befall him. He's protected by your Sun and his God, to say nothing of his own good sense.

Enter Paillou.

Paillou. (*He is intently looking on the ground and counting distance as he steps off feet.*) Twenty-three, twenty-six, Twenty-nine—

Blondel. (*Standing in his path, not seen until almost stepped upon. The two men meet, look at each other a moment, Paillou looks up in surprise, then both burst out laughing.*) Well, good Engineer Paillou, do you take me for a boundary line? (*Slapping him on the shoulder.*) And are you but a measuring rod?

Paillou. I was stepping off the length of the fort to verify my memory. I'm ordered by Governor Bienville to build its twin upon the Mississippi at Ft. Rosalie. My servant has burned the old plans.

Blondel. Bienville is ever trying to carry on the unfinished work of his lamented brother, Iberville. Was ever such a family as the Le Moynes?

Paillou. No Frenchman born in Paris loves more the lilies and the cross than these Canadian Frenchmen of Quebec. Sometimes I marvel at it.

Blondel. They have "pre-visioning minds," as dear old Tonti used to say. Were it not for this projection of the future on the map most of us would lose heart and give up the colony.

Paillou. To these Ibervilles and Bienvilles this is not a lonely spot subject to hurricanes and overflows, but it is "Mobile upon the Bay, center of French influence for trade and diplomacy."

Blondel. So well I remember Iberville's reasons for the choice. In his commanding way, a sort of Louis Grande, he said: "Mobile is near enough to Pensacola to keep an eye on the Spaniards; near enough to the Mississippi to be port for the valley trade which will come through the bayous and lakes, and the Sound behind sheltered Islands to Mobile Bay. Easy of communication by the Tombigbee River to the northwest, and the Alabama River to the northeast to give French influence among the strong Choctaw, Chickasaw and Alabamon Indians. It gives access over the mountains in case of war, to the English colonies of Carolina and Virginia." (*Pause.*) A master statesman and Naval Commander was Iberville, old Mobile's founder.

Enter Chateauguay.

Paillou. And here's another of the Le Moynes. Come Chateauguay—we were but speaking of your two distinguished brothers, Iberville and Bienville.

Chateauguay. (*Lifting his hat and bowing in French politeness.*) Good afternoon, Lieutenant Blondel. Mobile welcomes Dauphine's commandant. (*Bowing to Paillou.*) Good day, Monsieur Paillou. (*To both.*) You speak of my

family. God loved us much or He would not have made so many of the style.

Blondel. Quite true.

Chateauguay. There are fourteen in all, one girl. My father and five brothers have given their lives for France. Iberville, as you know, died of fever at Havana, while planning a blow against the British West Indies.

Blondel. A record to be proud of. Spanish wine (*Pointing to the slave who has laid himself down on the ground a bit away*) tells me Bienville has again gone on the war-path. At Dauphine Island is seldom heard the news until its old, at least a week.

Chateauguay. Since Crozat took over the colony for its trade and Cadillac was made Governor in Bienville's place my brother is become scarcely more than a courier.

Blondel and Paillou. (*Laughing at the absurd idea.*)

Blondel. Bienville can be nothing less than master here no matter who holds the commission as Governor. But what war is this the boy speaks of?

Chateauguay. (*Confidingly.*) It is no war between our men and Indians, but some clash with English whites and savages. The Apalachies who have had the worst of it are being moved by Bienville within trade reach of Mobile.

Paillou. Iberville's thought again to surround this place with hordes of Indians who could trap wild skins, and farm and buy commerce from French factories.

Enter a Sailor.

Chateauguay. Ho, lad, what's this??

Sailor. I've come from Dauphin in the *caiche* to tell you that a ship's in sight.

All. (*With great surprise.*) A ship!

Blondel. It's been a year since we've had a ship from France. Let's pray this one brings food and clothes. Our men are dressed in rags.

Chateauguay. Come friend, let's see what's here. (*Exit, except Spanish Wine.*)

Enter Father Davion.

(He is holding in his hands a prayer book. Taking his seat he reads silently a moment. Spanish Wine begins to softly play his flute.)

Father Davion. (Seeing him for the first time.) Come boy and sit by me on this bench. I will teach you of the love of God.

Spanish Wine. (Coming forward timidly.) I am but a slave. *(He does not yet take the seat that Father Davion has made for him.)*

Father Davion. (Drawing the boy down beside him, gently.) We are brothers, lad. Christ died for both.

Spanish Wine. (With growing confidence.) I've been baptized, but the Sun's my god. He gives me light, and makes it warm, and when he's angry hides his face in the clouds. If he will not he holds off rain, and if he will he sends the floods. Yes, the Sun's my god. *(He stands and lifts his arms.)*

Father Davion. (Shaking his head, sadly, then lifting his eyes to heaven.) Father above, give patience and Thy Holy Love to teach these children of the night thy Sacred Truths. *(To the boy.)* And if you are not a Christian why were you baptised?

Spanish Wine. Seeing I'm but a slave I could not help myself. It was in the time of Cure LaVente.

Father Davion. (To himself.) This is wrong and hurts the Faith.

Enter St. Helene.

St. Helene. (He is followed by a merry crowd of light-hearted Frenchmen and some Indians. Some carry guns and rod, some small game, others follow as lookers on. Sweeping his hat.) Good Father Davion! *(Holding up his string of birds.)* We shall feast today.

Father Davion. It is Friday, St. Helene. I'll eat no meat.

St. Helene. (Shrugging his shoulders, then turning to a follower.) Take home these birds and see that the fattest of

them are picked and broiled in butter on the iron spit. (*He shows signs of relishing the thought.*)

[*Exeunt, except St. Helene and Father Davion.*]

Father Davion. (*With regret.*) St. Helene, you have no more religion than that savage boy that worships the Sun.

St. Helene. (*With respect, but lightly.*) Dear Father Davion, God made me and He understands.

Father Davion. That's what all sinners say. And God made the law that says that men must control their mortal appetites or meet just punishment. You grieve me much by your careless ways. For pride of kin you should keep the Faith even if you have no liking for yourself or love of God.

St. Helene. Bienville, Chateauguay, and my other uncles are the real Le Moynes. I'm but the scapegrace of the family.

Father Davion. But St. Helene—

St. Helene. Don't chide me Father Davion. I like you very much. To the other priests, those politicians of the cloth, I won't give ear. I hate a hypocrite.

Father Davion. It has been told me that when you went to France you fell in with bad company at La Rochelle, that stronghold of disloyal subjects of the king and Church, the Huguenots.

St. Helene. For once you've been told the truth by spies and liars that make it their chief concern to try to undermine Bienville and his friends and family. I did fall in with Huguenots. God gave us two eyes to see everythng, and its that Louis ruling both State and Church that wisely said: "He gave us two ears to listen to both sides." (*He sits down and begins to clean his gun.*)

Father Davion. (*His hand on his shoulder, lovingly.*) Go confess your sins.

St. Helene. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) I'll have no holdings with any Faith that puts a mortal man 'twixt me and God. I don't pray often, Father, but when I do pray my poor petitions go straight up, not circuited by confessional and interceding priests.

Father Davion. (Rising, sternly.) My son, my son. get upon your knees and expiate with prayer your most unchurchly and disloyal words.

St. Helene. (Catching his hand.) I'll kiss your hand because I like you for yourself. *(Kisses his hand.)*

Re-enter Spanish Wine.

Spanish Wine. (He is playing a gay French air upon his flute.)

St. Helene. Ho, boy! What's happened that you've changed your tune?

Spanish Wine. (Taking his flute from his lips only long enough to answer the questions.) My Masters' come! *(He resumes his music, dancing outright.)*

St. Helene. Jean Baptiste! Bienville's come! Come Father Davion, lets go and see him at his house. *(He helps the priest to his feet, and with his arm affectionately about his shoulder leads him off right.)*

Father Davion. (Pleased in spite of himself, shaking a playful finger of reproach.) You are a naughty boy. *(Seriously.)* But I'll pray for you.

[Exeunt right.]

Enter Three Indian Chiefs.

Three Indian Chiefs. (They enter from left, in single file, with great gravity and take their seats in a semi-circle on the ground. Drollery must give humor to the scene.)

First Chief (In solemn voice, looking up at the skies.) Ho-shen-ti-pilh-ki-ki.

Second Chief. (Looking up at the clouds.) Ma-she-li.

Third Chief. (Looking around as if suspicious.) Isht albi talali!

Second Chief. (Rubbing his stomach.) I—lim—pa.

Third Chief. (As if drinking from a bottle.) Oka homi.

First Chief. I-ba-ta-kla.

All together. (Chanting, and if desired by director, repeated several times.) We-ha-ni-ke shap in-wa-li wek ka-ni-ke.

Enter Other Indians.

(They sit down on the ground at the ends of the semi-circle, and

all begin to smoke pipes. For a moment there is dead silence.)

First Chief. (Rising to his feet, very solemnly.) Nux-shi-hi-la.

(All rise, and say together, "Nux-shi--hi-la," then slowly file out right. Several Indian Squaws peep in and join the procession.)

[Exeunt. A cannon is heard saluting the ship.]

Enter Some Children.

(They run on from right, cross stage with noisy enthusiasm, running to meet the ship.)

First boy. The Pelican! A ship from France! (A general whoop.)

Other boys and girls. (All poorly dressed.) The Pelican. I'll beat you to the quay.

[Exeunt running.]

Enter several men, roughly dressed.

(They go rapidly along, following the children.)

First Colonist. I'll thank God upon my knees if the Pelican brings me letters from home.

Second Colonist. (He catches his waistband and hitches it up.)

Well, the most I ask is a pair of new breeches and galluses to hold them up.

[Exeunt.]

Re-Enter Indians.

Indians. (Giving a war-whoop.) Whisky Whisky! (Whoop.)

[Exeunt in a rush, left.]

Enter the Cassette Girls.

Cassette Girls. (Twenty-three, more or less as practicable come from left. They carry little trunk-shaped suit cases, and walk circumspectly before two Conductresses. Following them with curiosity, and coming to meet them with eager hesitation are a number of poorly dressed woodsmen, soldiers and sailors.)

First Grey Lady. (*Stepping to the front and speaking to the men who have followed them.*) These girls have been sent to you for wives. You may speak with them.

All the men. (*They rush forward, taking the hands of the girls they like, or bowing awkwardly before them or advancing as they please, but with too much eagerness.*)

Second Grey Lady. The Lady Conductress said you might SPEAK with the girls, not MOB them. (*She pushes the men back to their places and forms the girls in a row facing the men.*) Now girls, you may tell your names and after that the Colonists may be properly introduced.

Girl at head of row. (*Dropping a curtesy.*) I'm Francoise Marie Anne de Boiserenaud.

A Sailor. Call it Anne for short. (*The girls giggle.*)

A Soldier. (*Pushing the sailor out of line because of his rudeness.*)

Second Girl. Jeanne Catherine de Beranhard. (*Curtsey.*)

Third Girl. Jeanne Elizabeth de Pinteux. (*As each girl there-after calls her name she makes a polite curtesy.*)

Fuorth Girl. Marie Noel de Mesnil.

Fifth Girl. Gabrielle Savarit.

Sixth Girl. Genevive Burel.

Seventh Girl. Margurite Burel.

Eighth Girl. Marie Therese Brochon.

Ninth Girl. Angelique Brouyn.

Tenth Girl. Marie Briard.

Eleventh Girl. Margarite Tavernier.

Twelfth Girl. Elizabeth Deshays.

Thirteenth Girl. Catherine Christophle.

Fourteenth Girl. Catharine Tournant.

Fifteenth Girl. Marie Phillippe.

Sixteenth Girl. Louise Margurite Housseau.

Seventeenth Girl. Marie Magdeline Duanet.

Eighteenth Girl. Marie Dufresne.

Nineteenth Girl. Margueriet Guichard.

Twentieth Girl. Renee Gilbert.

Twenty-first Girl. Louise Francoise Lefevre.

Twenty-second Girl. Gabrielle Bonet.

Twenty-third Girl. Julie Beaujeau.

Twenty-fourth Girl. Marie Blanc.

(There is another rush towards the girls, a general scramble ensuing in some cases, while timid advances are made and received in others. The nuns throw up their hands in despair.)

First Soldier. I'm in the king's pay and have a house. *(Takes a girl.)*

Second Soldier. I've saved my money and have a cow and five hens. *(Takes a girl and goes off.)*

First Woodsman. I have a house on the bay and am the best hunter in Louisiana. *(Takes the girl he approaches and goes off.)*

Second Woodsman. *(Whistling, as he shines up to a girl.)*

Whist! But you're a beauty, can you cook and milk the cows?

The Girl. I can cook, and you can teach me to milk the cow.

(As the men select the girl that pleases them they state what they have to offer, especially in the way of trades, such as: "I'm a fur trader," "I'm a carpenter," "I have a brick-kiln," "I have a tar kiln," etc. The action must all be swift and full of good feeling.)

Julie Beaujeau. *(Who has hidden behind the grey ladies, after refusing all of the men who tried to woo her.)* What a crowd of clowns!

First Gray Lady. *(Taking hold of her firmly.)* Julie Beaujeau, what do you mean by refusing to take a husband? These are fine fellows, if poorly clad. Hardy heroes all of them! I will tell Governor Bienville of this, and that at once. Come! *(She pulls her along roughly.)*

Marie Blanc. *(Made up to represent a very homely face, the only one of the girls that has had no offer of marriage. She begins to cry.)*

Second Grey Lady. What ails you, Marie?

Marie. (*Sobbing between words.*) None—of—them—wanted—me!

Second Grey Lady. Don't cry. There are some men coming from up the river.

Marie. They won't—want me—either. I'm so ugly. (*Howls of distress.*)

Enter Pierre.

Pierre. (*He is very ugly too, and roughly dressed. He has a gun. Taking off his fur cap shyly, and speaking to the Grey Lady.*) Madam: (*Bowing.*) Am I too late to get a wife?

Grey Lady. Two are left. One who thinks herself too fine for pioneers, and this good girl. (*She turns Marie around and lifts her tear-stained face with kindly touch.*)

Pierre. (*To Marie.*) I'll choose you if you'll look at me with kindness.

Marie. (*Looking at him a moment, then taking his outstretched hand.*) God made us both.

Pierre. (*Tenderly drying her eyes with his red pocket handkerchief.*) You see what he did to me. I'm about his worst job.

Grey Lady. (*Tip-toes out.*)

Marie. (*Smiling kindly up to Pierre.*) For what he did to our faces He must have given us very kind hearts.

Pierre. (*Confidingly.*) I've had a hard life and want nothing else so much as love.

Marie. (*They claps both hands.*) If you be good to me I'll work my fingers to the bone. I want love, too.

Pierre. (*With growing cheerfulness.*) I own two slaves from San Domingo. Life for you won't be hard. You'll need only to teach my Negro cook to make French dishes. I'm weary of corn pone.

Marie. And that I will. I'm a first rate cook.

Pierre. (*Putting his arm around her waist.*) Then let's go to

the priest's house and be married straight away. I want to catch the tide up stream in my bateau.

[*They go out talking and laughing happily.*]

Enter Jacques.

(*He too is dressed roughly, is unshaven and very disorderly in appearance and manner. Seeing Pierre and Marie going off lovingly together he bursts out laughing behind their backs. Seeing some one approaching he straightens up and begins to scowl.*)

Here comes the master of us all, Bienville!

Enter Bienville.

Bienville. Ah, Jacques! So you're home again.

Jacques. (*Saluting.*) Yes, Governor.

Bienville. You've come out of the woods to get a wife, eh? The news has sped with amazing swiftness.

Jacques. Some Indians went out in boats to the Pelican last night and brought the news. Its well up to the Tombigbee by now.

Bienville. (*Laughing indulgentlq.*) I'm sorry, but you've come too late. The last girl is at this moment taking the marriage vows with Pierre La Pre.

Enter First Grey Lady.

Grey Lady. (*She is bowing and scraping to Bienville.*)

Bienville. Well, Madam, what is your pleasure?

Grey Lady. It is a duty and not a pleasure that brings me before your excellency. (*Bowing and scraping.*)

Bienville. (*Embarrassed by such court manners.*) Ahem! Madam, in the Province we go directly to the point.

Grey Lady. Then, Sir, I have to report that one of the Cas-sette girls, as your soldiers are pleased to call my charges, because of the trunks they brought their apparel in—

Bienville. (*Interrupting.*) Well, I hope she is not ill.

Grey Lady. Her behaviour is most con-tu-ma-cious!

Bienville. (*Laughing.*) Our husbands do not please her, eh?

Grey Lady. I feared you'd be offended.

Bienville. Send the D'Moselle to me.

Grey Lady. (*Bowing herself out backwards.*)

Jacques. (*Giggles behind his hand.*)

Bienville. (*Turning to him quickly.*) I'm glad to catch you in such good humor, for I have a berating for you.

Jacques. (*At once in his former ill mood.*) What have I done?

Bienville. (*Motioning him to be seated beside him.*)

Jacques. (*Morosely.*) I'll lose my chance of winning that contumacious maid if I tarry here. There's but one left.

Bienville. As the girl's so fastidious I recommend you to retire into the barracks and negotiate a bath, a shave and a cleaner shirt withal.

Jacques. If I always staid within the post, as some of your favorites do, I'd be well acquainted with these women's tricks.

Bienville. (*Firmly.*) But with poorer chance of meeting with our enemies.

Jacques. (*Startled.*) You mean—

Bienville. The English, and you will.

Jacques. (*Frightened.*) 'Tis false. I've been to Ft. Rosalie.

Bienville. (*Calmly.*) And that's both false and true. You've been to our Mississippi fort—but. (*His eyes on Jacques accusingly*), by way of the English trading post a hundred miles out of your natural course.

Jacques. (*Angrily.*) You're falsely told!

Bienville. But I never falsely see. I followed you.

Jacques. You spied on me?

Bienville. "Spied" is an ugly word, friend Jacques. When a member of the colony is accused secretly, I take the pains of proving to myself his guilt or innocence. I've learned this lesson of justice from the conspiracies that have been worked against me.

Jacques. And you gave it out you'd gone to Indian wars.

Bienville. If there are traitors in the camp then I must know it for the sake of France. I brought you here, at the request of your family who'd wearied of your crooked ways at home.

Jacques. I wanted liberty.

Bienville. Liberty is for stronger men. Weaklings never thrive upon it. They see but license, and you have failed the test. But go and prepare yourself to meet this girl. You're of good blood and with a woman's help may walk upright again.

[*Exit Jacques to left.*]

Enter Julie Beaujeau.

Julie Beaujeau. (*She courtesies to Bienville.*) I'm Julie Beaujeau.

Bienville. (*Rising and bowing to her politely.*) I'm Bienville. You've been reported by the Conductress as "Contumacious." That's a word familiar to my ears.

Julie. I don't want to marry your trappers and brick masons, or woodrangers either, Sir.

Bienville. Thought you to find silken clothes and idle courtiers here? This is a man's land, a wild, savage, hardy land. Had you a mind for softer things you should have staid in France.

Julie. (*Startled, and pouting prettily.*) Goodness, how you scold!

Bienville. You need a scolding, M'Moiselle. King Louis did not send you to Mobile upon a pleasure jaunt.

Julie. (*Coquettishly.*) And think you so ill of marriage?

Bienville. (*Laughing in spite of himself.*) I remain a bachelor. But to the business of the hour, The King—

Julie. (*Interrupting.*) Pardon. The king's will was that the girls he sent for wives should not be constrained to marry against their pleasure. 'Twas thus the order read.

Bienville. (*Shrugs his shoulders as if not knowing what to do.*) I'm used to handling only men!

Julie. 'Tis true that I'm a pensioner of the king but also I am I.

Bienville. Ho, Ho!

Julie. (*With rising spirit.*) And king, nor priest, nor Governor—can make me wife to whom he will. (*She turns to go.*)

Bienville. (*Detaining her, his hand lightly upon her shoulder.*

She faces him a bit afraid.) We will speak further of this matter M'Moselle Beaujeau. (*Points to seat. They sit down.*)
You came from Paris??

Julie. (More meekly.) From an orphanage of charity connected with St. Cyr.

Bienville. Who has the Church for parent is not orphaned, nor feeds on beggars bread. Your earthy father, who was he?

Julie. I know naught of him save that he served the king 'at sea and lost his life in a battle with Iberville against the English off Canada. This means one of the nuns told me at St. Cyr. Then she sealed her lips.

Bienville. And your mother—

Julie. (Sadly.) That is a sorry tale. She was a Huguenot, and for her conscience would not be married by the priest. For this they took me from her and gave me to the Church. I was put in cloistered school.

Bienville. (Puzzled.) Since the Church in France is ruled by State—(*He interrupts himself as if fearing an indiscretion.*)
I can say no more.

Julie. (Springing up.) This injury has made a rebel of me!

Bienville. Rebel?

Julie. That is why I ran away.

Bienville. What, ran away?

Julie. (Putting her hand over her mouth.)

Bienville. (Walking about disturbed.)

Julie. (Pleadingly.) Good Governor Bienville. You will not send me back to France?

Bienville. This country is best suited for strong men.

Julie. My father was a man, *Sieur Bienville*, and if your brother were alive he'd tell you he was brave and died for France. I'm no rebel as to France.

Enter a Soldier.

Soldier. (Saluting.)

Bienville. (Returning the salute.)

Soldier. The Commissary presents his compliments and asks you to confer with him within the fort.

Bieville. Upon what matter?

Soldier The stores that have come upon the Pelican.

[*salute, exit.*]

Bienville. (*Bowing to Julie.*) Pardon, I leave you here to contemplate.

[*Exit right.*]

Re-enter Jacques.

Jacques. (*Much improved in appearance. He comes upon the scene just as Bienville is making his adieux. He and Bienville saluate each other as they pass. Bienville indicates he may speak with Julie. He steals up to her. She is seated, her eyes hidden by her hands, in deep thought. He touches her hair with impudent admiration.*)

Julie. (*Springing up alarmed.*) Oh, Oh! (*She starts to run towards the fort, right.*)

Jacques. (*Catching her.*) Not so fast, sweet witch, not so fast.

Julie. (*Struggling.*) Let me pass.

Jacques. You're brought to marry Louis' Frenchmen in the colony. I'm one of these and want you for my wife.

Julie. (*Still struggling.*) You suit me not.

Jacques. You suit me passing well. I am a gentleman by pedigree.

Julie. That is naught to me. (*Tries to pass.*)

Enter St. Helene.

St. Helene. (*He stands watching the contest a while, his anger overcoming his mirth.*)

Jacques. This is a wild man's land. (*He takes hold of her.*)

Julie. You've been drinking—

Jacques. From a goblet, yes. But now I'll drink from your ruby lips. (*He seizes her and is about to kiss her forcibly.*)

St. Helene. (*Knocks Jacques down.*) You renegade!

Julie. (*Running to his side.*) Oh, I am sore afraid! (*She holds to his arm.*)

St. Helene. (*To Jacques.*) Get to your feet if you be a man, and if the snake I take you for, then crawl into the woods.

Jacques. (*Rising, rubbing his jaw, scowling.*) You will pay for this.

St. Helene. (*Lightly.*) Then that will be one of my debts I'll pay with pleasure.

Jacques. (*Goes off right, threatening and muttering.*)

St. Helene. (*Bowing low to Julie.*) Pardon, I'm St. Helene, Bienville's scapegrace nephew, an you will.

Julie. (*Curtseying.*) Monsieur, I'm Julie Beaujeau. I ran away from the Convent of St. Cyr.

St. Helene. (*With warmth.*) If you be a rebel we're kindred souls.

Julie. I only rebel against injustice.

St. Helene. This is a large country, M'Mselle Beaujeau. Many strange things inhabit it. Perhaps Justice may be amongst the rest. But what brought you here??

Julie. (*Airily.*) I came a husband hunting, Sir. (*Curtsey.*)

St. Helene. (*Preening himself.*) Ah, Ha! (*He indicates a seat. They sit down.*) Have you found the game?

Julie. (*Flirting.*) My eyes have lit upon him.

St. Helene. (*Responding in kind.*) And has he black or bluish eyes?

Julie. (*Looking into his eyes.*) I think they're black.

(*They laugh happily as children playing a game.*)

St. Helene. But seriously. What dream of lover have you in mind?

Julie. And that I will not tell, but only this—he must love liberty of his thoughts as well as of his actions.

St. Helene. (*Surprised.*) Where got you this idea, a convent girl of St. Cyr?

Julie. (*Looking around to see who might hear, then confidently.*) There was a nun, put there by force, by order of the Cardinal. Like my parents, she was a Huguenot. Like them her marriage was annulled and her estates were confiscated to the Church and France. She taught me much, most secretly, of the liberty of conscience.

St. Helene. (*With greater earnestness.*) Besides this precious freedom there's something of moment over the whole world. Men call it love. Did the Sister teach you also of that?

Julie. The girls talked much of love.

St. Helene. (*Seeing a rose in her hair, he touches it.*) Roses were made for women's hair. (*Seeing her blushes and embarrassment.*) And maiden's cheeks.

Julie. (*Drawing away to the far end of the seat.*) Be not so bold.

St. Helene. My soldier's calling has made me bold. (*He draws near to her.*) And wives are scarce. Will you be mine?

Julie. (*Looking at him, pleased, but reproachfully.*) Your thoughts move swiftly, *St. Helene*.

St. Helene. As my love does. (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

Enter D'Artaguet.

D'Artaguet. (*Seeing what is going on he politely hides his eyes.*)

Julie. (*Seeing D'Artaguet over Helene's shoulder draws away.*) Oh!

St. Helene. (*Rising.*) 'Tis *D'Artaguet*. (*He goes eagerly forward and embraces him.*) Welcome home from France.

D'Artaguet. Good *St. Helene*. I find you well employed.

St. Helene. *Julie*! (*He beckons her to come, and they meet her.*) My promised wife, *M'Mselle Beaujeau*.

A'Artaguet. (*Bowing over her hand.*) *M'Mselle*. Felicitations. (*To St. Helene.*) We came together upon the Pelican.

St. Helene. Quite so. Tell me the news. What's taking place across the seas? We've missed you this long time

D'Artaguet. I've come upon the esplanade to have a private word or two with *Bienville*. I see him now.

Enter Bienville.

Julie. Pardon. (*She bows and is passing out. To Bienville.*) Monsieur!

D'Artaguet. (*Bowing low.*) Good afternoon.

Bienville. (To *Julie*.) What came of your contemplations?

Julie. A husband, Sir. (She runs out abashed.)

St. Helene. (He stands watching the girl, unconscious of the others. Then he starts to follow her.)

Bienville. (Detaining him.) I wish you here. (Indicating seat. They sit.) Now D'Artaguette, speak up. You went to France at your own offer to defend my conduct of the colony. What does the court and cabinet think of Louisiana and of our capital, Mobile? But tell me first of France. (He lights a cigar with a pocket flint.)

D'Artaguette. France is falling into a low state at home. King Louis is no longer the "Grand Monarch," but a doting old man who is used by crafty courtiers to achieve their own small ends. Our wars with England and with Spain have reduced the navy, until England justly claims the mastery of the seas. French manufacturers have been deported or put in galleys or hanged for naught. Some escaped to enrich our enemies.

Bienville. Hanged and deported, why?

D'Artaguette. For trifling faults. Some think they are accused for the property they have that goes into the general treasury when they are dead or fled.

Bienville. France depends upon her lands. Her farming men—

D'Artaguette. They are forcibly put into the army which is so thinned by war that it must be strengthened at any cost.

Bienville. (Again sadly.) Alas, poor France.

D'Artaguette. The people writhe beneath their load. They must either throw it off or yield to their destruction and the destruction of all their colonies.

St. Helene. (With eagerness.) So said I when I went to France. The state is rotten from the throne to the lowest civil officer that spies or grafts.

Bienville. (Lifting his head in protest.) Speak not so loud. Nor presume because I am your uncle. I'll brook no disloyal speech from any man that wears the uniform or is

sheltered by the flag of France. In this colony, in absence of Cadillac, I represent the king.

St. Helene. (*Taking the rebuke with boyish laughter.*) Ah, Jean, I love you much, but also I love Liberty.

Bienville. (*Walking about perturbed.*) That is a word I hear too much nowadays—Liberty. It leads to license, to Revolution and that to ruin.

St. Helene. The surgeon cuts from the body the putrifying arm or leg.

Bienville. Yes, but not the heart. Allegiance to the king—that is the heart.

St. Helene. Free speech I'll have. If I can get it not under the flag of France I'll go to Okfusgee and take oath to the English Jack. There's a people who know what Liberty means.

Bienville. Fie, fie, impulsive boy. (*To D'Artaguette.*)

And what found you they thought of us at court?

D'Artaguette. And now I must, like St. Helene, ask for free speech.

Bienville. Speak freely.

D'Artaguette. They thought ill, unfriendly and unjust thoughts.

Bienville. The priest, LaVente, had had his say.

D'Artaguette. And caught the ear of Count Pantchartrain, and others in authority at the Department of the Marine under which the colony of Louisiana is operated

St. Helene. (*With disgust.*) La Vente! He liked it not that Jean Baptiste would not be led by him nor his order of the Recollects. These jealousies amongst the priests, to see whose order shall have greatest power—it makes me ill.

Bienville. What said LaVente?

D'Artaguette. Because you were the keeper of the king's seal, and held the purse and doled the stores, he liked it not at all. "Too much power used with tyranny."

Bienville. Umph-hu. (*Nodding.*) What more?

D'Artaguette. There was the matter of the the Indian scalps, the Alibamons, that you bought, "like pelts."

Bienville. It was a question of ours or theirs. Say on. Say on.

D'Artaguette. And you let strong drink be sold to the savages.

Bienville. Said they nothing good in their reports?

D'Artaguette. That you were a Canadian—

Bienville. And gather about me a clique of Canadians. (*Laughingly.*)

D'Artaguette. That you were partial to the Jesuits, but a master hand at managing the savages whose barbarous tongues you sensed as hound his quarry.

Bienville. And La Vente said this?

D'Artaguette. That you were spendthrift of his majesty's hospitality and fed visitors with what should feed the soldiers and the colonists.

St. Helene. (*Angrily.*) And did not tell, perchance, that Jean is poorly paid and that uncertainly, and that he must, because of the honor of the king, be host to the officers of Spain, of missionaries, to strangers, and feed and entertain tribes of chiefs and their councilors and squaws, as have just come to the fort for a conference. Ah, ha! La Vente!

D'Artaguette. He was a priest and had the ear of the Churchly side at court.

St. Helene. La Vente a priest! A cassock is no more sign of priestly piety than a wig is pledge of hair.

Bienville. (*To St. Helene.*) Give not wholesale 'censure of the cloth. Remember how the missionaries are facing every danger in these wilds because of Love for Christ.

D'Artaguette. And there was more.

Bienville. Well, lets hear it all. The report is filed for all the future.

D'Artaguette. La Vente declared that you used the king's stores for your own profit, accused you of allowing the soldiers to freely consort with savages, your military discipline is lax.

St. Helene. (*With indignation.*) If our soldiers had not been billeted with the Indians we would have starved while waiting food from France. And there sits Jean, Sieur Bienville,

calmly smoking like any stoic Indian Chief, unmoved by all these injuries. (*To Bienville.*) Why don't you defend yourself against these false charges made at court?

Bienville. (*Calmly.*) When the waves beat against the rock, its the waves that break.

D'Artaguet. (*Clapping his hands.*) Well said, Jean Baptiste. (*Sadly.*) But alas, poor France!

Bienville. (*With vigorous earnest, rising.*) Kings may live, and epochs pass, but well I know within my soul, there are eternal well-springs in the heart of France that never will run dry.

D'Artaguet. (*Wringing Bienville's hand.*) Bravo! Before I left the Court I set you right before the king. He's not ungrateful, either.

(*A noise of talking and laughing is heard to right.*)

St. Helene. (*His mood suddenly changed to one of merriment. Striking a posture of expectancy.*) Behold! Here comes our brother Chateauguay and his wife.

D'Artaguet. And a goodly following.

Enter Chateauguay and Madam Chateauguay.

(*They are followed by a merry crowd of friends and lookers on.*)

Bienville. (*Looking at Madam Chateauguay with wonder.*)

What have we here?

Madame Chateauguay. (*She walks up and down, to be inspected and admired, having much air, and feeling important.*) The latest mode from Paris. It came with other new finery on the Pelican.

St. Helene. (*Unable to control his mirth bursts into merry laughter.*)

Enter Boisbriant.

Bienville. Ho, Boisbriant! Come look upon the splendor of the court.

Boisbriant. (*To Madam Chateauguay.*) Resplendent! (*To Bienville.*) The Pelican brought over more good things than feathers and new clothes.

Chateauguay. I notice, friend, that your taste runs to grey habits.

St. Helene. And I hear that the Conductresses, while clothed as nuns, have no vows as celibates.

Chateauguay. (*His finger to his lips.*) Ssh! See not too much.

Boisbriant. (*To Bienville.*) A message has come from Cadillac.

Chateauguay. (*Laughing.*) What, ho! Has he enough of Illinois and his false quest for gold. (*All laugh.*)

Boisbriant. The rumor is, and came upon the Pelican, that Crozat has enough of his lease of the colony for trade. He's given up his prize.

Chateauguay. Poor merchant prince! No doubt he'd like to have again the eighty thousand dollars worth of goods he's bartered at great loss. (*To Boisbriant.*) Whom does rumor say will succeed his agent here, our Governor Cadillac?

Boisbriant. A former and our natural leader, Jean Baptiste Bienville, Sieur Le Moyne.

All. (*Lusty cheers.*) Bienville! Bienville.

Bienville. (*Bowing acknowledgments.*) It is not seemly that we speculate upon the king's good pleasure. We will wait and see what's in the sealed packet of state that's come to Cadillac from his employer, Monsieur Crozat. I fancy he'll be returning soon to Mobile. Ah, Cadillac!

Enter Cadillac.

(*All gather about the returned traveler and shake his hands with friendliness.*)

Cadillac. I have good news for you colonists. I'm going back to France.

Bienville. Oh, not good news, Monsieur Governor. (*They talk together.*)

St. Helene. (*Exit.*)

Madam Chateauguay. (*To her husband.*) And let's hope he'll take his wife and troop of family out of our house. I'm weary living in a shack when we own the best in town, a good two story house.

Chateauguay. (Pacifying her.) In the name of hospitality.

Madam Chateauguay. We were ordered out of our own house for Cadillac's convenience. I mean it when I say I'm glad he's going back to France. (*Crossing to Cadillac. Her manner changing.*) Must you go?

Cadillac. (Kissing her hand.) Madam, with deep regret.

Madam Chateauguay. Do give my love to your charming wife and those fascinating daughters. I'll call tomorrow and arrange to have them with me for a cup of sassafras tea.

Re-enter Spanish Wine.

Spanish Wine. (Bowing servilly to Bienville.) Captain St. Denis has brought a squaw.

Enter St. Denis and Wife.

St. Denis. Messers! Mesdames! (*He bows to every side. The men go forward and shake his hand.*)

St. Denis. I'm back from Mexico with no luck with trade.

All. Oh, ah, too bad.

St. Denis. (Leading his wife forward to Cadillac and Bienville, the others gathering near.) But I've brought a wife.

All. (Bowing, the two Governor's kissing her hand.)

Bienville. (To St. Denis.) A better fortune than if you'd sold a thousand bales of merchandise.

St. Denis. I got in jail for it too. Her father didn't take a fancy to a French son-in-law, seeing how he is a Spaniard, and we've just been at war

Madam Chateauguay. (Sentimentally.) Love will find a way. (*To Madam St. Denis.*) I hope you can tell fortunes, many Spaniards can.

Madam St. Denis. My Gypsy nurse taught me how.

Madam Chateauguay. (To all.) She can tell fortunes. Come Jean Baptiste, and let Madam St. Denis tell us if you're to be—ahem—the new Governor to succeed Monsieur Cadillac.

Bienville. (Giving his palm to Madam St. Denis.) Lift up the veil of time.

Madam St. Denis. (Reading his palm.) Yes, you will be Governor again, but not to remain long in Mobile. You will establish a city on the banks of a mighty river, a greater city than Paris is today.

Bienville. A Paris in New France! My dream city, New Orleans.

Madam St. Denis. (Still reading his palm.) There is a long life before you and your place in history will be greater than you've ever dreamed. But you will never wed.

D'Artaguette. (When she has dropped Bienville's hand.) Tell me what fate awaits me, if you please.

Madam St. Denis. Brave man you are, too brave. I warn you not to go too freely among the Chickasaws. (She hides her eyes, and shivers with distress.)

D'Artaguette. You see something that distresses your kind heart.

Madam St. Denis. Again I warn you. It was the stake and savages, I saw.

Re-enter St. Helene and Julie.

St. Helene. In good time, if fortunes are being told. (Seeing *St. Denis*.) Ah, *St. Denis*! (Shaking his hand.) Glad you're back again.

St. Denis. And with a wife. (Indicating his wife by gesture.)

St. Helene. (Bowing acknowledgments of the introduction. The two women bow to each other.)

St. Helene. (To *Madam St. Denis*.) See Madam if you can read the future for M'Mselle Beaujeau.

Julie. (Drawing her hand away.) I know my fate. Tell the future of Monsieur *St. Helene*.

St. Helene. (Holding his hand to *Madam St. Denis*.)

Madam St. Denis. You are too gallant, Monsieur

St. Helene. Sssh! (His finger to his lips.)

Madam St. Denis. You know no fear, but there is a false Frenchman in the fort. I see you stooping to light a cigar. He will shoot you with an arrow in an Indian war.

Julie. (Clinging to *St. Helene's* arm.) Then one arrow will pierce two hearts.

Madam Chateauguay. (To her husband.) Come dear, and let Madam St. Denis see how soon you will be called to France to serve as minister to the king.

Chateauguay. (Embarrassed.) Tut, tut!

Madam Chateauguay. (Leading him on.) Now, Madam St. Denis. Look and see.

Madam St. Denis. (Reading his hand.) You will be made Governor—

Madam Chateauguay. (Catching her breath with pleasure.) Ah!

Madam St. Denis. Of Cayenne. (To be pronounced ki-en.)

Madam Chateauguay. That's a convict colony, in French Guiana. (Pronounced Ge-ah-no.)

All. (Laughing, and teasing the proud lady.)

Madam Chateauguay. I'll not go to South America. It's bad for the skin.

Chateauguay. (Caressing her.) And the disposition. Ah?

Madam Chateauguay. (Smiling, affectionately into her husband's face.) Dear Chateauguay, I'm not so foolish as I seem.

St. Helene. And as you look. (Teasing her about her new dress.)

(A noise is heard without.)

St. Helene. (Looking left.) It is Marchand from Ft. Toulouse.

Julie. And look what follows. It is barbaric and most picturesque.

Enter Marchand.

Marchand. Monsieur Governor. Monsieur Commandant. (There is general bowing.)

Bienville. Well, what business brought you from the Coosa river fort?

Marchant. Business of the Queen of Hearts.

Bienville. Another wedding! Mobile has turned to Cupid's court.

Re-enter Spanish Wine.

(Coming from left and followed by a number of Indian youths all playing flutes and dancing along the way.)

Enter Sehoy.

(She is seated in a chair that rests upon a platform, this having a pole at each of the four corners and is carried by four Indian Braves. Beside the chair in which Sehoy is seated is an Indian youth bearing a totem pole, carved or painted with birds, and topped with a pair of outspread wings. The wings are the emblem of the Wind, which was the name of the family or tribe over which Sehoy's mother presided at the site where the Ft. was placed. The decorations of the chair, itself should be as barbaric as possible with animal skins, with deer or cow horns on the back and wild flowers. The attendants place the chair in the center of the stage and Sehoy looks about a little shy, but not afraid.)

Captain Marchand. (Goes to Sehoy, takes her by the hand and leads her before the two Governors.) This is Sehoy, the daughter of the Wind. (They bow.)

Bienville. (Taking Sehoy by the hand, speaking to all.) By Indian carte a princess of the blood. (All bow.) Sehoy, the elder, mother of Sehoy, (indicating the princess) is ruler of her tribe and friend to France!

All. (Cheer.) Hurrah, Sehoy!

Captain Marchand. (Joining Sehoy, and taking her hand, addressing Bienville.) And by your leave, we've come from Ft. Toulouse to get sanction for our marriage.

Enter Father Davion.

Bienville. I'll speak nothing 'gainst it for the state. There comes the vicar of the church.

All. (Turning toward Father Davion, bowing.)

Bienville. Good Father, you have come in time to bless another union of young hearts.

Father Davion. (To Marchand.) Has your tawny lady-love been instructed and baptised? There were missionaries near your fort last year.

Marchand. She is of the Faith.

Picard.

Picard. (*He is playing a minuet off stage.*)

St. Helene. Oh, there are the strains of good Picard.

Madam Chateauguay. He's just come home from Lake Pontchartrain where he's teaching Indian maids the minuet.

Bienville. (*To Madam St. Denis.*) The French ever make fine arts of music and the dance. (*To St. Helene.*) Go invite Picard to fetch his violin.

D'Artaguette. (*To St. Helene.*) And bring me, if you please, the casket from my desk.

St. Helene. (*Gaily.*) A dance, a dance! (*Exit.*)

Bienville. (*To all.*) We'll celebrate the coming of the Pelican, with all it's brought.

All. The Pelican! Hurrah, hurrah!

Madam Chateauguay. And the love affairs, by land and sea, lets cheer for them.

All. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! (*Some turn and congratulate St. Denis and his wife, Julie, Marchand and Sehoy.*)

Enter two Conductresses.

(*They join the ladies, who smilingly greet them and pretend to talk.*)

Enter the Cassette Girls and Husbands.

(*The men, if preferred, may now be dressed in their new clothes fetched upon the Pelican. The colonist who wanted new breeches and suspenders, making himself conspicuous.*)

Enter all Indians.

Enter Picard and St. Helene.

D'Artaguette. (*Taking the casket from St. Helene, bowing to Cadillac.*) Monsieur Governor. (*Bowing before Bienville.*) Monsieur Commandant, and Governor! (*Bowing to all.*) Mesdames, Messieurs! (*Speaking to Bienville.*) I have the honor for his majesty, to give to you in gratitude, the decoration of the Cross of St. Louis. (*He lifts the decoration from the casket and puts the blue ribbon about the neck of Bienville.*) This is done because of your most rare merits and out of Louis' love. (*He kisses Bienville upon both*

cheeks,) The golden spurs, (*holding them up from within the casket*) we'll reserve for formal installation.

Bienville. (*Deeply moved.*) I am a man of action, not of words. I thank the king and you. (*He kisses D'Artaquette upon both cheeks.*)

St. Denis. Three cheers for his Majesty and the golden lilies that bless the flag of France.

All. (*Saluting the flag above the fort.*) Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Father Davion. The Lilies and the cross! (*He lifts the crucifix hanging from his waist rosary. Lifting his hand in benediction.*) I bless you as a faithful son of Mother Church.

All. They bow their heads a moment.

Picard. (*Begins the minuet softly, and Spanish Wine and the other flutists join him. Partners are chosen for the minuet and the principals form in a set center of the stage, all others forming as they can. The Indians dance amongst themselves in their own wild way.*)

Bienville. (*Bowing to First Conductress. They take their places.*)

Cadillac. (*Bowing to Madam Chateauguay, but she declines to dance, indicating that she is prevented by her large skirts. They stand one side and look on.*)

Marchand. (*Taking the hand of Sehoy. They take their place in the principal set.*)

St. Helene. (*Bowing to Julie, leads her to their place in first set.*)

Boisbriant. (*Bowing to Second Grey Lady. They take their place in second set, behind.*)

Se. Denis. (*Bowing to his Spanish-Mexican wife. They join the principal set, making four couples. The dance begins, and when half completed the curtain descends slowly.*)

CURTAIN.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 062145252